By Oliver Herford.

IS Majesty, the King
of Beasts,
Tired of fuss and for-
mal feasts,
Once resolved that he
would go
On a tour incognito.

But a suitable
disguise
Was not easy to
devise;
Kingly natures do
not care
Other people's
things to
wear.

The very thought filled him with shame.
"No, I will simply change my name,"
Said he, "and go just as I am,
And call myself a Woolly Lamb."

And so he did, and as you 'll guess,
He had a measure of success.
Disguised in name alone, he yet
Took in 'most every one he met.

The first was Mister Wolf, who said
"Your Majesty—" "Off with his head!"
The angry monarch roared. "I am,
I 'd have you know, a Woolly Lamb."

Then Mistress Lamb, who, being near,
Had heard, addressed him: "Brother
dear—"
"Odds cats!" the lion roared, "my word!
Such insolence I never heard!"

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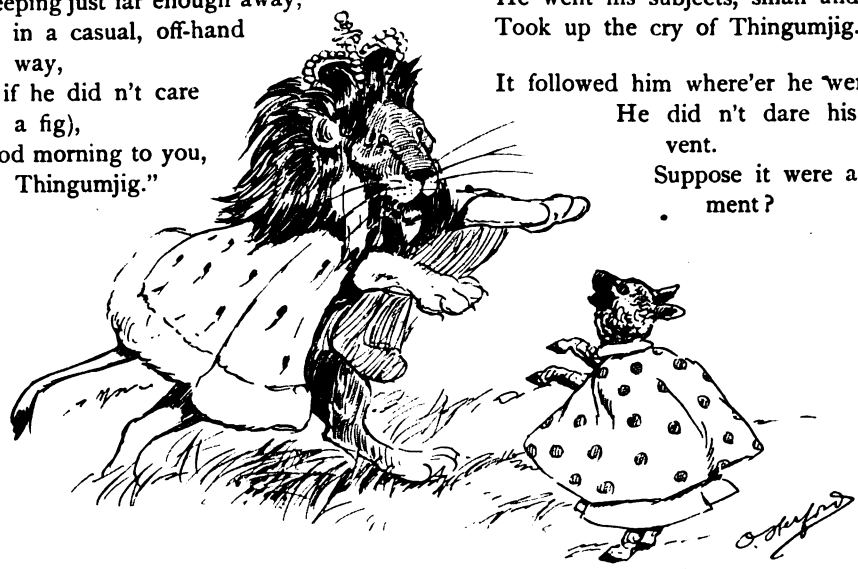
His rage was a terrific sight
(It almost spoiled his appetite).
And so it went, until one day
He met Sir Fox, who stopped to say
(Keeping just far enough away,
Yet in a casual, off-hand way,
As if he did n't care a fig),
"Good morning to you, Thingumjig."



Of course he was not going to show
There was a word he did not know.
He bowed, and with his haughtiest air
Resumed his walk; but everywhere
He went his subjects, small and big,
Took up the cry of Thingumjig.

It followed him where'er he went;
He did n't dare his rage to vent.
Suppose it were a compliment?

Now everybody, small and big,
Knows what is meant by Thingumjig;
But what is now a household word
In those days never had been heard.
Sir Fox himself invented it
This great emergency to fit.

The King of Beasts, quite unprepared
For this reception, simply stared.

His anger then would only show
Here was a word he did not know!
The only course for him, 't was clear,
Was to pretend he did not hear.

And this he did until, at length,
Long fasting so impaired his strength
He gave his tour up in despair,
Mid great rejoicing everywhere.

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THE KING'S CASTLE IN NO MAN'S LAND.

(Third story of the series entitled "The City of Stories." Begun in the September number.)

By Frank M. Bicknell.

After reading the "End of Week after Next," the Princess and her companion walked about the city reading here and there bits of stories, so as to find one that was especially interesting. At length they turned into a street that seemed to promise entertaining reading. Accordingly they began the perusal of a tale entitled:

The King's Castle in No Man's Land.

Once on a time there lived a man named Avaro. He was so mean and miserly that he was heartily despised by all who knew him. None of his neighbors would even speak to him if they chanced to meet him in the street. He had no family, and he lived quite alone. He never asked people to visit him, and it is doubtful whether anybody would have come.

One summer day a strange old man with a long beard came trudging down the road. He had journeyed a great distance, and was warm and tired. Noticing that Avaro's house cast a deep shadow, the wayfarer thought it would harm no one if he were to sit down there on the grass to cool and rest himself a bit. But it chanced that Avaro was in an unusually bad temper that day. While counting his money in the morning he had lost a farthing piece. It had slipped between his fingers, and rolled away somewhere into a crack in the floor so that it could not be found. This awful calamity had made the miser as cross as two sticks and sourer than last year's cider. When he saw the stranger seated before his house he rushed out of doors in a great rage.

"You lazy good-for-nothing!" he cried, "get up and begone! How dare you sit down in my beautiful shadow?"

"In what way am I wronging anyone by sitting here?" asked the old man; "is not the shade free?"

"Free!" screamed Avaro. "My beautiful shade free! Don't you suppose this house cost money? Well, if the house were not here neither would the shade be; therefore the shade also cost money, did n't it? Off with you, vagabond, and never let me catch you about here again, using my costly shadow!"

"'HOW DARE YOU SIT DOWN IN MY BEAUTIFUL SHADOW?'"

"Certainly you are the meanest man alive," remarked the traveler, rising and taking up his staff, "and you have used me shabbily; nevertheless I will tell you something that will please you. Next week you will be made king."

The miser opened his eyes and his mouth

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too, in amazement at this piece of news. But before he could fairly collect his wits to ask any question the old man had gone.

A few days after this the reigning king died suddenly, without leaving any children to succeed him. So, as the people must have a king, a council of twenty of the principal men met to see what should be done. And as it costs a great deal to keep up the dignity and state of a sovereign, it was decided that the wealthiest of the late king's subjects should be the one to succeed him on the throne.

Now it had been supposed that the Goldsmith — who was one of the council of twenty — was the richest man in the kingdom, but as it proved, this was not the case. When the decision was made public, Avaro came forward and presented his claim. Here was a disagreeable surprise to everybody, and particularly to the Goldsmith, his wife, and their pretty daughter, who already had begun to look on themselves as a royal family. Up to that time Avaro had feigned extreme poverty, and indeed it had cost him a severe pang at last to admit that he possessed so much wealth. But the advantages of being king were too great. So he showed beyond a doubt that his title to sovereignty was good, and the council of twenty were forced to accept him as their king.

From the very first no one liked the new ruler, and as time went by he grew more and more unpopular. On coming into power he cut down expenses in every possible way, and resorted to numberless mean and petty tricks by which money was turned into his own pockets. In a few weeks the court became so poor and shabby from Avaro's parsimony that the very rag-pickers were ashamed.

Finally the discontent grew to be so great and so widespread that the council of twenty held another meeting — this time to try and devise some means of getting rid of the monarch with whom they had so unluckily burdened themselves. However, Avaro's removal was not to be brought about so easily as had been his elevation to regal power. There was no law against stinginess, and unless he broke some law there could not be found a sufficient excuse for depriving the king of his throne. No one was able to suggest anything, and the council were forced to confess themselves nonplussed.

Among them all no one had racked his brains harder for some way of getting Avaro deposed than the Goldsmith, and as nothing had come of it he went home in rather an unpleasant state of mind. As soon as he got into the house his wife and daughter eagerly began to question him about the result of the meeting. Of course he was obliged to tell them that all the deliberation had been to no purpose. He had scarcely made the confession when he was startled by a loud, boisterous laugh. Turning quickly about, he strode across the room toward the stove, behind which sat an overgrown, out-at-elbows lad. He was still laughing.

"Bobo, you triple idiot, what are you haw-hawing about? How dare you make fun of your betters, sirrah?" demanded the angry Goldsmith, uplifting his cane to chastise him.

"Ho! ho! I could n't help it," cried the youth, nimbly dodging the stick. "Don't strike me, master. I laughed to think of twenty wise men wearing out their wits over a matter that any fool could have settled in less than five minutes."

"My faith! did ever any one hear the like?" exclaimed the Goldsmith. "Think you, Bobo, that you, who are the biggest fool I know, could help us out of our trouble?"

"That indeed I could," replied Bobo.

"How, good Bobo?"

The youth shut one eye and looked very sly. "Master," quoth he, "that is a secret which passes not out of my own keeping. But I will bring the thing about on a certain condition."

"Pray, what may that certain condition be?" inquired the Goldsmith, in growing amazement.

"That you give me your daughter to wife," answered Bobo coolly.

When she heard these audacious words the Goldsmith's pretty daughter, who was as proud as she was pretty, could hardly believe her ears. That this poor fellow, who was looked on as little better than a simpleton, should dare ask her hand seemed preposterous.

"Upon my word," she exclaimed with flashing eyes, "the booby has gone mad — stark, staring mad — to dream that I would ever wed

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with such as he!" and with a look of scorn at poor Bobo she left the room.

But her father took the matter more quietly. He wished very much to sit on the throne, and he was unwilling to let pass any chance. As he reasoned, he would run no risk in promising his daughter to Bobo conditionally, for if the youth failed there would be no harm done, and if he succeeded he would have proved himself clever enough to deserve her.

"Do you mean," he demanded, "that you can remove King Avaro from the throne without violence and by lawful methods?"

"Ay," replied the youth; "or, rather, I intend that King Avaro shall remove himself — that is, if you promise me your daughter," he added quickly.

"Very well," returned the Goldsmith, no longer hesitating; "rid us of Avaro and the maiden shall be yours."

Some weeks after these events it became known that the Prince Magnifico, who was traveling about the world for his own amusement, had decided to pay King Avaro's capital a visit. In fact, his royal highness shortly appeared in town and took up his abode in the finest house that money could hire. Magnifico was a fine, handsome young man of free and gay manners, and was good-hearted and generous to a fault. Naturally he took early occasion to pay his respects to the king. The latter received his visitor with seeming graciousness, though all the while he was wishing him at the other end of the earth. He knew that he would be expected to show the prince some attentions during his stay in the city, and he had no mind to pay out good money for what he reckoned as extravagant follies. Instead of offering refreshments to the prince and his attendants, he asked the former to go with him and look at the palace gardens,— which would cost nothing, — and as for the latter (who, he had no doubt, would have "eaten him out of house and home" if he had but given them the chance), he left them to shift for themselves.

While they were promenading through the garden the king happened to remark, with envious eyes, an unusually large diamond that Magnifico wore in his cap. Seeing that the gem had attracted Avaro's notice, the prince removed it from its place that it might be examined more closely. As he was about to put it in the king's hand, however, a bird suddenly flew down, snatched the glittering stone in its beak, and then disappeared almost in a twinkling. Avaro gave a cry of horror and started forward as if to pursue the thief, but Magnifico said, with a light laugh:

"Let the bauble go; there are enough more like it to be had from the king's castle in No Man's Land."

"Eh?" exclaimed Avaro, pricking up his ears, "and do you hold the key to that wonderful castle?"

"Not I," returned Magnifico, with another laugh. "The door stands wide open to all. When the king of No Man's Land died, many years ago, he left a castle filled with treasures, and any one may go and help himself."

"Know you how the castle is to be reached?" queried Avaro, eagerly.

"Oh, yes; nothing can be easier to find. It lies within three days' journey from the boundaries of your kingdom. You have only to travel until you come to a strange old man with a long beard, sitting at the entrance to a wood. Bestow upon him a suitable alms, and he will direct you to the king's castle."

Soon the prince took his leave, much to the satisfaction of Avaro, who was in a violent hurry to get hold of the treasures of the king of No Man's Land. Without losing time he gathered a great number of oxen and pack-horses and started out.

A three days' march beyond the confines of his own dominions brought the king to the borders of an immense forest where a strange old man with a long beard was sitting. It was the very same person whom he had formerly driven away from the shade of his house, though Avaro did not know that. The miserly monarch fumbled a while in his pockets for a "suitable alms," and finally, not without much reluctance, he threw a copper toward the old man, and asked to be directed to the king's castle.

The old man looked disdainfully at the coin lying on the ground before him. "Is that all a rich king can afford to give a poor creature who asks charity?" he demanded, severely.

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"I do not say I am rich, nor yet a king," answered Avaro, fearing to part with any more of his dearly loved money.

"Indeed! But it is a great train that follows you?"

"The Prince Magnifico is visiting me," replied Avaro, unblushingly.

"Ah," said the old man slowly, "you wish me to think you are not rich, nor a king, and that this train belongs to Prince Magnifico. Very good! So be it!" And his words were accompanied by a look that make Avaro shiver with dread.

"THE PAVEMENTS OF THE COURTYARD WERE NEARLY A HUNDRED FEET BELOW HIM AND WERE STILL SINKING RAPIDLY." (SEE PAGE 74.)

But Avaro repeated his request to be shown the way to the king's castle. Whereupon the old man stooped, and, plucking a small plant that grew at his feet, he threw it to Avaro, saying:

"Rub your horse's nose with the juice of that herb; then give him the rein and he will take you where you seek to go. But first let me offer you a piece of advice that you will do well to follow. In the king's castle in No Man's Land is a great hall from which open one hundred doors. Ninety and nine of these you may freely pass through, but beware that you do not so much as lift the latch of the hundredth door, else ill-luck will surely befall you."

Without paying very much heed to the old man's last words Avaro rubbed the herb upon his steed's nostrils, and dropping the reins on his neck rode forward at a quicker pace. In about an hour he came to a clearing, in the midst of which he saw the King's Castle. It was a grand and stately building, but Avaro had no thought of stopping to admire the beauty of its architecture. Galloping into the courtyard he dismounted, and leaving his horse with an attendant, he hurried through the lofty portals into the great hall. There, as the old man had said, were the hundred doors all alike, save that the last bore a placard: "It is forbidden to enter here."

With hands trembling from excitement Avaro pushed open the first of these hundred doors. What a sight then met his gaze! He was on the threshold of a large chamber filled with gold coins shining as if fresh from the mint. For some minutes he stood gloating over this mass of wealth; then he carefully shut that door and opened the next one. This time a room full of magnificent pearls was disclosed to view. After he had feasted his eyes upon them for awhile, he passed on to the third door. When he opened this he was nearly blinded by

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the luster of a great heap of diamonds, not one of which could have been smaller than a robin's egg. He was now almost beside himself for joy, and without waiting to investigate further, he rushed forth to summon his attendants and set them to work. He was in a feverish hurry to get the treasure into sacks that he might take it away before any one else should come to dispute his right to it.

"'MASTER,' QUOTH BOBO, 'THAT IS A SECRET THAT PASSES NOT OUT OF MY OWN KEEPING!'" (SEE PAGE 71.)

For nearly a week, day and night, he kept his men at their labors. There was neither sleep nor rest for any one until all the ninety-nine doors had been opened, and the mines of riches that were revealed had been carried out of the castle. The amount that Avaro thus laid hold of was enormous, but if there had been ten times as much he would not have left a farthing's-worth behind.

At last, toward the end of the seventh day, the ninety-nine rooms stood quite empty, and every man and beast was loaded down with as much as he could possibly carry. And now Avaro turned his whole attention to the mysterious hundredth door, for despite the warning of the strange old man — or, rather, because of it — he was irresistibly tempted to penetrate its secret. He suspected that it concealed a treasure far greater than any he had yet seen. The thought of leaving behind anything for others to get was too much for his avaricious soul. He did not long hesitate, but presently raised the latch and pushed open the door.

There was nothing alarming to be seen. Only a flight of stone steps leading downward. He began slowly to descend, and soon found himself in a well-lighted cellar. He glanced about him. The apartment was bare save for a large stone vase that stood in the center of it. Upon the vase was this inscription: "If you would behold a wonder throw a handful of earth into this vase."

Avaro was sure that some enormous treasure was about to be revealed to him, so he scooped up some mold from the cellar floor and dropped it in upon a tiny brown seed that lay in the bottom of the vase. No sooner had he done so than a little green shoot appeared through the earth, and continued to grow even more rapidly than it had begun. In a very short time it had become a tree and had reached the top of the room. Meantime its branches were spreading to such an extent that Avaro realized that the place must be soon quite filled with the foliage. In some alarm he turned and hurried back up the stone steps. Suddenly there came a report as if a cannon had been fired. The trunk of the tree had burst the vase, and now its roots were striking deep into the ground, while its limbs shot upward with renewed vigor. At the same time a curious trembling and shaking motion made itself felt throughout the castle. Breathless with haste and terror, Avaro rushed into the great hall, intending to make his escape to the courtyard, where his followers were awaiting him. But on reaching the portals, what was his horror to find that the pavements of the courtyard were nearly a hundred feet below him, and — apparently — were still sinking rapidly. In fact the castle was being raised into the air by the marvelous growth of the tree in the cellar. In vain that he shrieked frantically for help; he was already

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far beyond the reach of human hands. Moreover, while he was thus being borne aloft there suddenly appeared in the midst of his astonished attendants the strange old man with the long beard. Looking upward, this singular person addressed to Avaro these words, every one of which was distinctly audible:

"You have brought upon yourself your own punishment. Until some one meaner than you are shall come to take your place, you must remain where you are. Now, indeed, *you are not rich, neither are you a king, and your great train belongs to the Prince Magnifico.* He will know how to make a proper use of your ill-gotten gains; you will never see them more."

Whereupon the unhappy miser, now nearly three hundred feet above the earth, saw him ride away, followed by the entire company of men, horses and oxen.

Thus was Avaro left alone in the empty castle, while the immense treasure of which he had ruthlessly stripped it was carried off before his very eyes. And as it is not likely that a meaner man than he will ever come into this world, probably Avaro remained in the King's Castle in No Man's Land until he died.

In the mean time Prince Magnifico had continued to live at the capital and was becoming very popular there. Soon it became known that his Highness wished to marry and was on the lookout for a suitable bride. Then, of course, there was a great stir among the maidens. One evening Magnifico gave a great ball, to which all the fairest damsels in the kingdom were bidden. Naturally they came, every one, and among them, looking her very prettiest, was the Goldsmith's pretty daughter. To her the Prince showed marked favor from the first, and danced with her as often as his duties to his other guests would permit.

By and by, during a pause in the dancing, Magnifico stepped forward and thus addressed the company:

"My friends, I have called you together this evening for a particular reason. I desire to take a wife; but in a land where all the maidens are so beautiful, how can I decide which to choose? As you see, my position is a delicate one. I should like, therefore, to have the matter settled thus: if there be any maiden here who loves me truly, and whose heart tells her that I love her, let her come and place her hand in mine."

"MAGNIFICO DREW BACK HAUGHTILY."

This was a strange and unusual method of procedure, and it caused some wonderment among those assembled. But all eyes were turned expectantly in one direction — toward the Goldsmith's daughter, who, blushing very

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much, now stepped forth, and hesitatingly approached the Prince. Her embarrassment was great, but it was soon to be far greater, for when she stretched out her hand to lay it in that of Magnifico, the latter drew back haughtily and said, with a meaning look:

"Upon my word, the girl must have gone mad to think a king would condescend to"— but at that very moment a messenger rushed into the ball-room with the news that a large train of oxen and pack-horses had just arrived, bringing an enormous amount of wealth for Prince Magnifico. And there also appeared a strange old man with a long beard, whom the Prince received with a tender embrace.

"Good people," cried this last comer, addressing the astonished assemblage, "in Prince Magnifico behold your lawful sovereign, the long-lost son of your former king! — now most happily restored to you. As for Avaro, he will return no more. Greet, therefore, your rightful lord."

At this revelation everybody was wild with delight. The air was filled with the sounds of rejoicing, and the entire country soon was ringing with shouts of "Long live King Magnifico!"

But what about the Goldsmith's daughter? Well, the young King promptly told her that he loved her very much; they were happily married, and dwelt together in perfect accord to the end of their lives.

So, although the Goldsmith did not get to be king, he lived to be the father of a queen, which certainly is something of an honor.

(To be continued.)

TEDDY'S DREAM AFTER GETTING HIS NEW CAMERA.

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CHANGING DAYS.

By Rudolph F. Bunner.

Soon the days that hide behind
The little bedroom window-blind,
They that come and peep within
Eyes from dreamy sleep to win,
Soon they 'll bear a different face,
Soon they 'll wear another grace.

We shall greet them open-eyed,
Though behind white hills they hide;
We shall find them gone away,
Oh! so early, while we play.

But just now — "betwixt, between,"
Grass grows yellow, grass grows
green;
Days are short, or days are long,
As the cloud-flocks closer throng;
Or the gray cloud-curtains rise,
Showing sunsets to our eyes —
Sunset clouds and lights that lie
Trailing in the western sky,
While at dusk the wind, grown bold,
Plucks the loosened leaves of gold.

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A THANKSGIVING-DAY PROBLEM.

(*A Prize Puzzle. See page 84.*)

By Mary Seymour.

Walter and Grace have been making merry, this Thanksgiving Eve, over my newly acquired title of "Colonial Dame." They do not understand why I value it. I wish I could interest them in those old pioneer days to which I now seem to have a closer tie, but how to do it is a problem. If only their curiosity can be aroused in some way, the charm of the subject will surely lead to a deeper interest and more thoughtful study. It is worth trying, at least, and as they both delight in the mystery that attaches to an unknown quantity, they shall be supplied with something to puzzle them in the quieter hours of their few days' vacation. I will set Walter and Grace to thinking, with just a hint of their personality, of some of the people who made our country's history in the earlier colonial days.

They will learn to reverence the names of such men as the good bishop to whom Pope ascribed "every virtue under heaven" (1), the author of "The Freedom of the Will" (2), and the self-denying "Apostle of the Indians" (3).

Their love of adventure will be stirred by the perilous life of the colonist who named New England (4), and by the strange career of the Scotch seaman who, being sent on the ship "Adventure" to suppress a crime, committed it himself and became an outlaw (5). They will trace the long and tedious journeys of the explorer (6) who claimed Louisiana and named it for his sovereign, and of the missionary (7) who, besides his companion, was the first European to see the Mississippi River after De Soto. They will grieve for the fate of the navigator (8) who, in a ship with a luminous name, sailed up the noble river by which he is best remembered, and afterward was left by a mutinous crew to perish in the waters of a great bay also named after him.

They will marvel at the strange mixture of austerity and credulity in the divine (9) who, in reference to the Salem witchcraft, declared that "the devils were familiar with Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, but were less skilled in the Indian languages." They will wish that more could be learned of the first child of English descent born in America (10) than merely her name and parentage They will follow with interest the stormy paths of the colonial governors, among whom were "—— the Headstrong" (11), after whose farm or *bouwerij* the Bowery in New York is named, and the illustrious statesman (12) to whom Milton referred as "young in years, but in sage counsel old." Their admiration will be excited by the generous efforts of the philanthropist (13) who came to found a colony as a refuge for insolvent debtors, and they will mark the contrast between him and the "Tyrant of New England" (14).

The marriage of the man (15) who began the first systematic cultivation of tobacco will engage their attention. They will learn of the captain (16) who silenced with drums the reading of the hated governor's commission and hid a charter in a famous tree, of the eloquent young Englishman (17) who crossed the Atlantic seven times to preach in America, and of the colonist (18) on the lid of whose chest was signed the political compact of the Pilgrims on board the "Mayflower."

They will be sorry that the "Virginia Rebel" (19) is not remembered by a better title. They will look with horror at the gallows erected on Boston Common where a woman (20) was hanged for belonging to a proscribed Christian sect. But turning from this, they will be grateful to the governor (21) who appointed the first Thanksgiving Day, and sent out four men fowling, "that they might in a more special manner rejoice together."

They will lament the fate of the old man (22) who was pressed to death under heavy weights for refusing to plead guilty or not guilty to the charge of witchcraft, and will laugh at the bargain made by the controversial woman (23) who, with her adherents, bought the island which

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has been called the "Eden of America" for forty fathoms of wampum, twenty hoes, and ten coats.

Then there will be the delightful story of the Indian woman who was presented at King James's court as "The Lady Rebecca" (24), and the romance of the matrimonial envoy (25) of the first commissioned military officer in New England (26).

They will be reminded of the marvelous possibilities of small beginnings, as they learn of the young clergyman (27) who gave half his slender estate and half his library to found the oldest college in America. They will honor the humane and friendly sachem (28) who made the first treaty with the white men in New England, kept sacred for fifty years, and the brave, high-minded naturalist (29) who won a victory over the astonished Mohawks, when for the first time they saw white men and heard the sound of muskets.

They will learn of the lavish way in which royalty bestowed power by the vast domain granted the first lord proprietary (30) of the State named after the Queen of Charles I., and by the immense territory controlled by the man (31) who made what Voltaire said was "the only league between the aborigines and the Christians which was never sworn to and never broken." They will accord respect to the conscientious leader (32) of a colony who tried to form a state with no laws but those of Moses, and therefore would have no trial by jury.

They will note the difference between the short-sighted governor (33) who thanked God there were no free schools nor printing-presses in his colony to breed sedition, and the man (34) whose epitaph begins with the lines,

> Born in America, in Europe bred,
> In Africa traveled, and in Asia wed.

And surely a glow of noble impulse will be kindled as they mark the single-hearted devotion of the "Apostle of Soul-liberty" (35), the first person in Christendom to establish civil government on the doctrine of the liberty of conscience.

So they, not I, shall solve the problem, and so shall they learn something of the time when Thanksgiving Day was young.

THE PARTY OVER THE FENCE: "Why don't you let me play on your team? My hair 's all right, and I 'm a first-rate kicker."

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